

The Young-Mans Complaint, Or,
An ANSWER To
The DAMOSEL'S Tragedy.

When Friends deny, and won't comply,
but let them suffer smart,
To the Tune of, Chacon, &c.

}} We often see such Cruelty,
will break a Lovers heart,
This may be Printed, R. P.



Now for the loss of my amorous Jewel,
I am surrounded in grief and woe.
It was thy Parents unkind and most cruel,
which did occasion thy overthrow:
For my dear Nell I did adore thee,
but we was too much kept apart,
There was no one that I e're priz'd before thee,
thy Death alone does lye near my heart.

Farewel the hopes of all peace, joy, and pleasure,
I have no comfort, but care and grief,
Often in private I weep out of measure,
'tis Death alone must yield me relief:

Love, when I first heard of thy Dying,
tho' we had long been kept apart,
I tore my hair in a passion, and crying
this Damfels death will lye near my heart.

Down from his Eyes then the tears they did trickle,
with many sorrowful sighs, said he,
It is well known that I never was sickle,
for I lov'd none in the world but thee:
Had I been suffer'd to come near thee,
thou hadst not felt Death's cruel Dart,
I would have laid down my life for to cheer thee,
for thy Death now does lye near my heart.

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For many months I did never behold her,
this was a sorrow that griev'd me sore,
Her unkind Parents had oftentimes told her,
that she should never come near me more:
Thus did they soon blast all her glory,
for when she felt Deaths fatal Dart,
I never heard a more killing story,
this Damfels death doth lye near my heart.

Then in her absence my poor heart was wounded,
for I might not come anear my joy.
When I cou'd see her we then was surrounded,
in the sweet Raptures of Love and joy:
But by her friends we were tormented,
so that we felt Loves fatal smart,
She by strong Poison her Palsion has vnted,
this Damfels Death does lye near my heart.

As she was dying, poor heart, she did blame me,
she knew not very well what she said,
Tho' with sad sorrowful sighs she did name me,
'twas not her Love that her life betray'd:
For if I might enjoy'd the blessing,
she should have never felt the smart,
Now am I nothing but torments p'senting,
this Damfels Death doth lye near my heart.

This sad Distraction so much doth inthrall me,
that I am restless both night and day,
Methinks I often hear my Lover call me,
saying sweet Johnny make haste away:
Let there be now no more delaying,
why shoul'd we still remain apart,
Where e're I wander, I fancy this faring,
her Death doth now lye so near my heart.

Thou in thy life-time didst dearly adore me,
as by thy sorrow I well might see,
Tho' thou art gone hence a little before me.
Love, I'll lye down in the Grave with thee:
Farewel my friends and each Relation,
here with the World and you I'll part,
For I shall be in a far better station
when I'm with Nelly my own dear heart.